

LOUISIANA *Conservationist*

NOVEMBER, 1948



Louisiana CONSERVATIONIST

EARL K. LONG
Governor of Louisiana



ERNEST S. CLEMENTS
Commissioner

*Published Monthly in the interest of conservation by the
Louisiana Department of Wild Life and Fisheries
126 Civil Courts Building, New Orleans, La.*

MEL WASHBURN
Editor

Vol. I

NOVEMBER, 1948

No. 3



Entered as second class mail matter August 21, 1947 at the Post Office at New Orleans, La., under the act of August 24, 1912.

Member, Southwestern Association of Industrial Editors.



ERNEST S. CLEMENTS
Commissioner

ALBERT SIDNEY CAIN, JR.
Attorney

ARMAND P. DASPIT
Director, Fur and Refuge Division

JAMES N. McCONNELL
Director, Division of Oysters and Water Bottoms

JAMES BROWN
Director, Division of Fish and Game

MEL WASHBURN
Director, Division of Education and Publicity

FRANK COOGAN
Director, Division of Research and Statistics

PAUL A. VOITIER
Director, Division of Enforcement

JAMES NELSON GOWANLOCH
Chief Biologist

Permission for publication of all material in this issue is granted on condition that we receive marked copies and that credit is given for any illustration reproduced. Contributions and photographs will be welcomed. Manuscripts should be addressed to Editor, Louisiana Conservationist, 126 Civil Courts, Bldg., New Orleans 16, La. The Louisiana Conservationist is always interested in pictures of game and fish catches, unusual hunting and fishing scenes, bird dogs, and in group pictures of hunting and fishing organizations.

IN THIS ISSUE

STALKING THE PEARL
RIVER GRAYS

By McFadden Duffy



THE DUCK SEASON

By Mel Washburn



BOB WHITE—NOW OR NEVER

By Ernest S. Clements



TRAPPING BEGINS



DUCK CALLING CONTEST



I LIKE TO KILL THINGS

COVER

A pair of Mallards
commonly called
greenheads, probably
best known of all our
ducks.

By Ernest S. Clements

*Commissioner of Wild Life and Fisheries
of Louisiana*

CONSERVATION agents were not created AGAINST the Sportsman, but BY him. Because the Sportsman, today, is that man who realizes he must share available game and fish with his fellows, he restrains his trigger finger and puts away his fishing rod. He is the true cooperator, not because a game warden might lurk behind a bush or tree, but because he would help preserve for others the sport he, himself, loves.

To the hundreds of hunters and fishermen who have been arrested this year for game and fish law violations, can you tell us why you have to be different? Is it because you feel you are exempt from the laws?

The quail and squirrels on your own land are not yours. They migrated there from your neighbor perhaps, and their young will migrate back again. They are certain to go where they can find food. They are merely transients visiting with you as long as you let them.

Our game laws have been made, not to keep you from hunting, but to insure that you will be able to enjoy a little hunting. If we are to enjoy the ageless pleasure of hunting, you and all of us must work together to guarantee that sufficient game will be left for breeding from year to year.

Surely violators enjoy hunting or they would not risk being caught violating the game and fish laws. Why not abide by the spirit and the letter of the law so that hunting can be perpetuated.

Game that is killed out of season or over the bag limit, will cause the tightening of restrictions, but if we all pursue a common sense attitude toward our game and fish laws, the day may come when hunting seasons and bag limits can be increased.

The Life of a Game Commissioner

What have I done, I ask, that I deserve such fate

I'm just a common fellow, but now let me relate

The trials and tribulations, the cares and worldly woes

The unkind salutations, that my Commission knows.

Say there, says one, go kill those birds, they're eatin' up my corn.

Another voice, "We want more birds"; Why was I ever born?

And if the fish ain't bitin', it's because there's none to bite.

Yet I know there's plenty of 'em I can't give 'em appetite.

And if the trees are buggy, and the weather isn't good,

It's because the Game Commission isn't doin' all they could.

Says another brainy fellow, "Better set the season soon."

Jumps up another yippin', "Set it late, or it's your doom."

You'll catch it if you do it, and you'll regret it if you don't.

You're a "bloomin' politician," if you will or if you won't.

Even for all acts of Nature, the Commission is to blame.

I don't know why I do it, but I love it just the same.

But we all keep workin', anyway, for our birds and the fish.

'Cause down at heart, we all have got a common eager wish,

To see our State a garden spot of beauty, fish, and game.

So tho' my job's a crazy quilt, I love it just the same.

Our hopes and dreams, they're all the same, no matter what your name,

'Cause we all are aimin' upward, our target is the same.

So get on board my fellow man, in fact, let's all go fishin'.

But please, dear sir, if they don't bite, don't blame the Game Commission.

—PAUL T. GILBERT, in *Outdoor Nebraska*.

The Ducks Are Here But For How Long?

By MEL WASHBURN

Director of Education and Publicity for Louisiana Wildlife and Fisheries

THE blast of shotguns was not the only thing heard on marsh, pond, bayou, lake and river when the Louisiana duck shooting season was ushered in at noon on November 12th. Duck-hunters, scientists, bird lovers and sportswriters filled the air with noise, from quiet, rational talk to wild and outraged screams; not because there was a scarcity of ducks, but because of the daily limit of four ducks and a possession limit of eight.

It is amazing how few hunters fell short of their daily limit on the first day despite the fact that shooting was not permitted before 12 noon. All of which proves that the duck migration this fall was both early and heavy. Surveys throughout the state indicate more ducks and geese than have been here for years and rains, needed so badly, which came at midmonth provided an assurance that the ducks would stay.

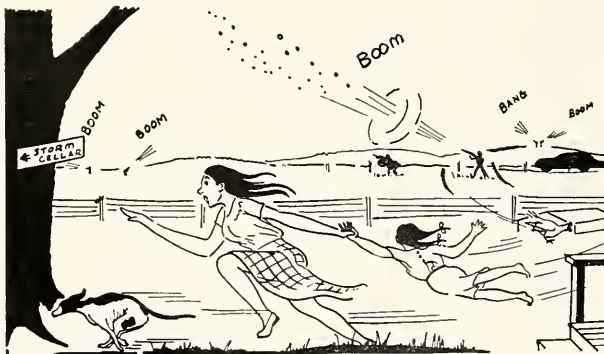
The annual concentration of ducks and geese at the mouth of the Mississippi river is heavier this year than it has been for the last decade, and there are plenty

of ducks in Southwest Louisiana, along the coast, in the marshes and bayous and on the rice fields, although they were late arriving. This was doubtless due to the extremely dry weather that prevailed until after the first of November, but several

heavy rains since that time have provided the fresh water that always attracts ducks and geese. Other sections of the state have reported almost identical conditions, especially in the Lake Catahoula region near Alexandria. The lake had been completely dry for many weeks, but a heavy rain on the night of November 4th put water in the lake bed and rains since have increased the inundation and subsequent population of waterfowl.

In the Pass A'Loutre area there was a wealth of good ducks at the opening of the season, but how long that condition will last is problematical. Under the new federal regulations the good ducks . . . the mallards, pintails and canvasbacks . . . are absorbing the greatest punishment from the hunters.

When a hunter, who can stand the expense of a duck hunt these days, is allowed only four ducks for a daily bag limit, he takes particular pains that those four ducks are good ones. It is not uncommon



(Continued on Page 6)



A day in the life of a duck hunter. Top—left; on his way to his favorite pond. Top—right; putting out his decoys. Center; in the blind and watching the sky. Oval in center; a well trained water spaniel retrieves a goose in the reeds. Lower—left; on his way home after the hunt. Lower—right; his limit for the day, four geese and four ducks.





(Continued from Page 4)

for a hunter, when he starts out in the morning, to say:

"I'm going to shoot nothing but green-heads." Or . . .

"I won't shoot anything but pintail drakes this morning."

And one veteran guide summed it up this way:

"To some hunters a duck's a duck. They don't know one kind from another and they don't care what they shoot, but they're not really duck hunters. Most of the men who can afford to hunt nowadays know good ducks and they won't kill anything BUT good ducks. Why should they when a fair shot can get his limit of four choice ducks in 15 minutes or less. If that keeps up, the only kinds of ducks that will be left will be the spoonbills, gray ducks, dos-gris, etc. There aren't too many Mallards now, and with most hunters shooting at them only, there'll be less and less.

"Why doesn't the Federal regulation allow us eight or ten ducks . . . the limit is that high in some states . . . and then allow only two Mallards, or two pintails or two canvasbacks . . . and the rest of 'em in gray ducks, or teal, or spoonbills or dos-gris? They've fixed the geese limit that way. Why not do the same thing with the duck limit, then there wouldn't be so much pressure on the better ducks, and there'd still be plenty of ducks to fly back North next spring, and many of 'em would be good ducks."

Not a few sportsmen believe that duck hunting is rapidly headed for extinction, but can be saved as a perpetual sport, if hunters, as well as other interested in our dwindling wildlife resources are willing to take more rigorous steps to preserve it.

In the past 40 years the number of duck hunters has increased from 400,000 to more than 2,250,000. Bag limits have decreased from 25-a-day for a seven-month season, to the present 4-a-day for a 30-day season. Even this permits a potential maximum kill of more than 200,000,000 birds which is nearly twice the number of ducks

that Ducks Unlimited estimated flew South last year.

But despite this, ducks, which are among the most vigorous and fertile of wildfowl, can "come back" if sufficient protected habitat, with adequate food supply is established in the marshes.

There is another and more serious menace confronting our duck population today, however. Hunters who display lawlessness, greed, incompetence and bad sportsmanship, must be educated to an observance of the laws or driven from the hunting fields.

Federal and state enforcement agents have piled up a record toll of arrests for migratory waterfowl law violations already . . . many for shooting before the season opened, and equally as many or more for possession of more than their allotted eight ducks or four geese. Even the coot possession limit of 15 is being violated in many instances, but the state game wardens and federal agents are bringing more and more of them to book each day.

But these enforcement agents can't be everywhere at the same time. The greatest boon to wild waterfowl conservation can come, and must come from the hunter and the sportsman, himself. Strict adherence to all laws by each individual, and every hunter's insistence that his companions stay within the required limits will do more toward perpetuation of our duck population than any one other thing.

Although our waterfowl population as a whole is not at a last-ditch desperate stand, by any means, there are many species that are far worse off than others. Among these are the wood duck, canvasback, baldpate, buffle-head, ruddy duck, golden-eye and trumpeter swan. One duck

is already gone—the Labrador duck, wiped out by market gunners by 1878. Will other species of our waterfowl drop out one by one in the same fashion, unnoticed, perhaps, until it is too late? To some of you who hunt ducks, that may sound like a cry of "wolf"! But how many places are there left in this country today where you can go and expect to get good shooting for canvasbacks, for instance. You can count them on your fingers.

Because our hindsight is always better than our foresight, perhaps we should take a look at game birds which used to bring pleasure to hunter and bird-lover alike, but which travel the sky-ways no more. There is the Labrador duck, already mentioned. There are many men alive today who remember when hordes of passenger pigeons literally blotted out the sun, and whose total numbers were estimated in the billions. The sole survivor of this grand game bird, one of the most notable species of American avifauna, died in the Cincinnati zoo on Sept. 1, 1914. Then there is the classic case of the heath hen, Eastern counterpart of the prairie chicken. A single heath hen was last seen at Martha's Vineyard, Mass., in 1932.

Beyond this, there's quite an impressive list of game birds which are not extinct yet, but which are only one jump from it. The trumpeter swan, target for market hunters and sportsmen for years, was believed extinct in 1900. Luckily, someone found a few in a remote corner of Yellowstone National park. Today, there are 418 known survivors living there and elsewhere. Other game birds which used to be plentiful, but which are now relatively

(Continued on Page 25)



Duck hunters in woods marsh, who hunt outside of blinds, trusting to their artistry with duck-calls to lure their birds within gunshot range.



Peace on the lagoon since Papa has come home from Canada.

Love Story On The Lagoon

MAYBE it's romance, and maybe it's just downright self preservation, but whatever it is, there's romance in the air over the City Park lagoons in New Orleans because Papa's home from Canada.

Marcel Montreuil, general manager of City Park, says he has proof positive it is romance. The principals in this love story are a pair of Blue geese, and the story really began, according to Mr. Montreuil, back in the fall of 1943. At that time he and an assistant were making a tour of inspection of the grassy acres of the park, when suddenly the female of a pair of blue geese alighted on a nearby lagoon.

"Isn't she a beauty," exclaimed Mr. Montreuil, "I'd like to keep her here."

Whereupon the assistant caught the goose, clipped her wings and she's been a resident of the park lagoons ever since.

And every fall since that time, when the geese fly down from Canada, a lone gander has dropped out of the high-flying flock, and glided down to spend the winter with the goose. Then, in the spring, when the northward migrations have begun, he has nuzzled his mate goodbye, given his

wings a couple of flaps and then a few powerful beats, and soared up to take his place in the V-shaped echelon overhead.

When her gander came home the other day the "little lady" was delirious with joy, and that's how Mr. Montreuil says he knows there's romance in the air.

But it could just possibly be that wise old gander knows he's safe in the City Park lagoons . . . much safer than he'll be in the dense clouds of geese in the South Louisiana marshes.



The Game Warden's Lament

By Gilbert Russell Bracket

If the game warden asks to see your license, he's insulting.

If he takes your word for having one, he's corrupt.

If he arrests a violator, he's showing how rough he can be.

If he gives the culprit another chance, he's showing favoritism.

If he labors day and night to enforce the law, he's a tyrant.

If he relaxes at all, he's a shirker and a crook.

If he talks fish and game conservation he's maudlin.

If he keeps quiet, he's not interested in his work.

If he accepts suggestions, he's incompetent.

If he works out problems for himself, he's a know-all.

If he acts like a gentlemen, he's too easy.

If he acts firm, he's unfair and a rascal.

Ashes to ashes.

Dust to dust.

If the sportsmen don't do it,
The Game Warden Must.



(Top—left) Mrs. Pearl S. Drennan, of Illinois, only lady entrant in the International Duck Calling Contest in Crowley, November 5. (Top—right) Bill Cleveland, of Crowley, and D. S. Drennan, the Illinois champion, discussing duck calls with Wilfred and Freddie Nunez, of Regio, first and third place winners in the New Orleans duck calling contest.



(Above—left to right) Ovie Abshire, Ernest Meaux and Emory Vincent treat the Rice Festival crowd to a goose calling concert. (Right) Harry Clifford, an Arkansas railroad worker, who proved he's the best duck caller in the world by winning the International Duck calling contest at Crowley. (Photos by Paul Kalman of the New Orleans Item)

Q-u-a-a-c-k-!

By MEL WASHBURN

*Director of Education and Publicity for
Louisiana Wildlife and Fisheries*

PERHAPS the hundred thousand visitors to the Rice Festival in Crowley, La., on November 5, wondered where was the connection between a festival of thanksgiving over the annual rice harvest, and a carnival of duck callers, imported for an International Duck Calling contest, the unique highlight of the day.

Some pointed out that ducks migrating to Southwest Louisiana lived and fattened in the rice fields. Others explained that roast duck and rice is food for kings, while still others recalled that last year the biggest concentration of ducks ever seen in Louisiana was in a rice field near Crowley, which became a refuge for the time being.

Be all this as it may the International Duck Calling contest was a truly big time, championship affair. Nor was it confined strictly to the contest hours. The night before duck calls could be heard in every bar, in every cafe, hotel lobby or night club



as the contestants "warmed up" or demonstrated their own peculiar type of call for friends and companions.

When a hundred thousand persons gather in a little city at any time and for a single, specific occasion, it must be a very good reason that attracts them. The 1948 Rice Festival, an annual event in Crowley, the "Rice Capital" was that good reason. Only trouble was that the average visitor felt like the proverbial one eyed boy at a four ring circus" in trying to see all of the major events and not miss anything.

For excellence of planning and perfection of execution of those plans, our hats are off to those on whose shoulders fell the burdens of responsibility in the presentation of the great variety of events.

It was a job in which certain details were prepared by "home town" folks of many communities working together for the success of the great festival and in no case was there an evidence of anything but fine work. The Rice Festival is a remarkable event. The people of the rice country are remarkable folks.

Once again an Arkansas duck caller took the high honors in the International contest held in connection with the Rice Festival. Out of the entire list of 152 contestants who hailed from 20 states, Henry Clifford of Humphrey, Ark., took the high honors, the handsome silver mounted plaque and ten crisp new \$100 bills offered the first prize winner. Two Louisiana cal-

lers, Savan Miller of Grand Chenier and Otis Abshire of Kaplan, taking second and third places, together with cash awards of \$500 and \$250, respectively.

But judging a contest of duck callers from all of the states represented, each having its different types of country, different methods of calling and kinds of



Lieutenant Governor William J. Dodd, speaking to the 100,000 assembled in Crowley for the annual Rice Festival.



Savan Miller, of Grand Cheniere, La., who finished second and won \$500 in the International Duck Calling Contest at the Crowley Rice Festival.

callers used, it a most difficult affair. The broad lakes of Wisconsin, Michigan and Minnesota where much of the shooting is on passing birds, may call for very loud, sharp toned instruments. Similarly the submerged oak flats of Arkansas and the "drowned" section of west Tennessee call for high, continuous notes. Both are far different from the softer, varied calls used in the Louisiana marshes. To decide between them was, as Herb Parsons said, "like trying to decide on the best horse between a racehorse and a plow horse where neither could do the work of the other."

At all events the masses of people who listened both to the preliminaries and the finals heard some wonderful calling done by artists with the little reed instruments.

A host of outstanding sportsmen of America acted as judges for the event. Among them were Andy Anderson, Houston sportswriter; Nash Buckingham of Memphis, author and sportsman; C. T. Engdall of Chicago, outdoor magazine writer; Art Mercier of Chicago's WBBM radio station; Herb Parsons, marksman for the Winchester company; Ries Tuttle, outdoor writer for the Des Moines Register and Tribune; W. H. "Bill" Tanner of Von Lengerke & Antoine of Chicago, and Dr. H. L. Gardiner, Southwest Louisiana sportsman.

"Calls" can best be described as a cross between a dime store toy flute and a slenderized sweet potato pipe. They are made of wood or rubber with either reeds or metal strips creating the "ducky" noise when the breath of the caller is passed over the reed or metal strips.

Duck calling is an art, one that stems from long years of practice and intimate knowledge of waterfowl, their living habits

and their love life. The caller must imitate to the best of his ability the call of a lone-some female duck attempting to attract a male companion.

Duck callers take their work seriously and calling to them is not a hit-or-miss proposition. During the off-season months when the migratory fowl are elsewhere, the callers get together for "calling sessions" and play phonograph records of famous champion callers. To the uninitiated, listening to a record of a duck caller in action is a weird experience. Not so, however, to the professionals. Listening intently, they chuckle, wag their heads and grunt either approval or disapproval.

Duck calling varies according to the part of the country from which the caller hails, according to the experts. A set of sounds used in one part of the country might send the ducks screaming in the opposite direction and in another part could have them crawling in the caller's hair.

Jim Barnett, a Louisianan, said that in the Cajun country the ducks "talk mostly French," and so a cane reed call must be used, whereas in places like Illinois where the ducks are "accustomed to English," the callers used a wood call with a metallic tongue. Barnett claims that the cane call is worthless in the swampy habitats of the North and the metallic calls are equally as ineffective in the Louisiana marshes.

It is a certainty, however, that every type of call known to ducks was heard in the Crowley contest. Nor were the geese forgotten. While the judges were trying to decide on the winner in the International contest three expert geese callers stepped onto the stage and gave a demonstration of geese calling that had the 10 blocks of listeners in stitches.

And it was perfect duck weather, too. Cold, misty rain and bleak wind provided



A float filled with beautiful little girls in the Children's parade during the Crowley Rice Festival.

just the proper duck season conditions, but had little deterring effect on the crowds, which had come from far and near for this gala day.

Lieutenant Governor William J. Dodd and Secretary of State Wade Martin, Jr., were among the notables on the grand stand during the day, and spoke briefly during the afternoon. They then led the parade that was one of the most colorful pageants ever staged in that section of the country.

Bill Cleveland, Crowley business man and executive of the Louisiana Wildlife Federation, as well as one of the tireless workers for the promotion of the Festival and Duck calling contest, summed it all up briefly when he said:

"This year's Rice Festival proves beyond all doubt that Crowley is not only metropolitan but cosmopolitan in ideas."



One of the attractive floats in the Children's parade during the Rice Festival in Crowley.

Do You Know?

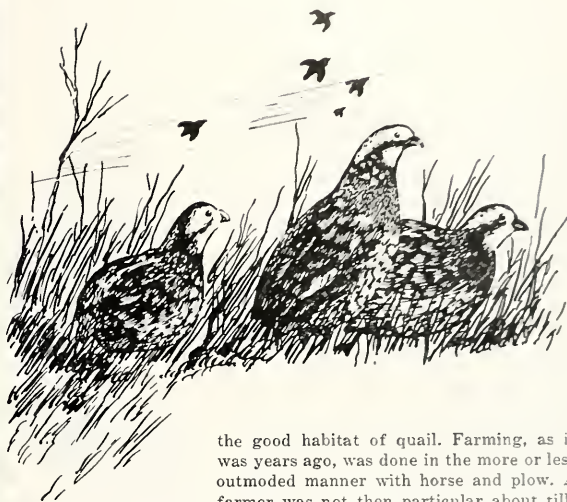
That 106 species and subspecies of mammals have become extinct in the world during the past 2,000 years. Only 35 of these were lost in the first 1,850 years. 31 died out between 1851 and 1900. From 1901 to 1945, 40 were wiped out.

We wonder what the inroads of land misuse and poor management are going to do to some of our wildlife populations in the next 50 years. Such creatures as Sierra bighorn sheep, the grizzly bear, the bufflehead duck, the salmon and others are in danger of extinction in many areas. Are we going to sit idly by and see more species and races of birds and animals pass out of existence through the inroads of a so-called "civilization"?

Conservation can't wait!

This?

Or This?



CLEAN FARMS -vs- BOB WHITE

WITH the opening of the quail season on December 1st, the still unanswered question, "what about the increasing scarcity of our foremost game bird?" again becomes the sportsman's main topic of conversation.

Well, WHAT about our foremost game bird, the bob-white?

Will a few generations hence see him only in museums?

A great many informative treatises and articles have been written on the bob-white quail, and in the face of these excellent works, I feel quite humble in any discussion of this most popular of all our game birds. Each year sportsmen are becoming more and more alarmed over the scarcity of quail coveys, and each year new ideas are advanced for the preservation and restocking of quail.

Some blame the shortage on "trigger happy" hunters. Others contend weather

By Ernest S. Clements

*Commissioner, Louisiana Wildlife
and Fisheries*

conditions have much to do with the disappearance of the bob-white. Weather conditions, however, play only a relatively minor role in the survival and perpetuation of quail, although adverse weather conditions have been credited with causing some of the decline in the quail population of Louisiana, especially in the extreme northern part of the state. There are other conditions which have had a far more devastating effect upon the welfare of this game bird.

The one condition most frequently discussed is the manner of farming throughout the state which has destroyed much of

the good habitat of quail. Farming, as it was years ago, was done in the more or less outmoded manner with horse and plow. A farmer was not then particular about tilling an entire field, and even if he did desire to do so, it was almost a physical impossibility due to the time element. In those days, on most farms, there were strips of ground left that were untilled, and no effort was made to clean up the ditches and hedgerows.

Today we have the modern tractor, with its accessories, and numerous other modern implements which completely cultivate a field, leaving no part untilled.

Even though bean, or soy bean or other quail food is planted, the fields will not be used extensively by quail if there is no protective cover within easy flying radius of the field. No matter how good the food may be for quail they will not go forth to feed if a refuge of cover is not accessible.

Of course, it is economically sound to use modern methods to cultivate the soil, but if we expect to keep our quail, then we must plan to leave some sort of cover nearby so that they can escape their natural enemies.

You may argue there is a great amount of untilled land in Louisiana and that most of it would provide adequate cover for quail, but this is not the kind of land a bob-white will inhabit. It is marshy, wet and usually filled with predators. Besides there is little or no food in such terrain to attract quail.

Common sense dictates that everything must have a place within which to live,

and if the so-called condition of "clean farming" is not rectified then it may safely be said the bob-white is doomed. Land-owners should be made to realize the benefits of strip farming and the encouragement of cover such as uncultivated patches, fences and hedgerows. The planting of Lespedeza has also become a great boon for quail, not only providing adequate cover, but a source of excellent food as well.

There is little doubt that practically every landowner in Louisiana would be glad to expend a little thought and effort in improving the quail habitat if he believed that his efforts would bear fruit.

When large coveys are found by sportsmen on open hunting areas, it is sometimes a consolidation of several depleted coveys where there is sufficient food and cover to support them rather than being an "unshot" bevy.

Bob-white is caught between two opposing forces, his instinct to be with his kind and the food and cover available on his covey range. If all members of the covey are able to obtain sufficient food within their daily cruising radius, and other conditions are favorable, the covey size will probably remain unchanged. If there is an abundance of food and cover it will likely receive additional members. If each member cannot obtain sufficient food within its daily cruising radius the entire covey will move to a favorable range elsewhere. If a favorable habitat isn't available, the excess birds will be quickly eliminated by predators or hunting.

It has been pointed out that a covey was really a concentration of quail in a particular favored spot rather than a home for certain individuals year after year. Where these habitats remain the same and the carrying capacity stays constant, a covey found in this location each season will vary little in size. Where the number of coveys found year after year in a particular area remains approximately the same, it is absurd to believe that "shoot-up" the coveys or restocking with "new blood," will increase the number of coveys or permanently increase the resident covey sizes. These coveys are there simply as a result of favorable habitat conditions. The constancy of the fall covey sizes and numbers is a key to the problem. If the number of coveys is to be increased, additional bevy ranges must be provided, not more trapped or pen-raised birds dumped in. You can't increase the capacity of a full water bucket by adding more water to it.

Of course, even in wildlife management, we must put something into a project if we expect to reap returns. We can't have our cake and eat it too. It's true, there may be a row or two of corn or other quail food left, a small percentage of the field in a fence row, a thicket left along the creek, a patch of woods, a fallow field. But

Use A Dog And Get That Cripple

THE greatest single contribution any individual hunter can make to the cause of wildlife conservation and the perpetuation of his favorite sport is to take a dog with him when he goes hunting this year.

The chief obligation a sportsman owes himself and his fellow nimrods, other than to take every precaution to endanger no human life, is to waste no game. If he lives up to the principles of sportsmanship, he will make every effort possible to secure every game bird or animal which falls to his gun, whether it be stone dead or crippled.

It isn't all give and no take. Most land-owners don't realize just how much fence rows, thickets, woods, and other wild vegetation help prevent soil erosion. In some sections of the country, natural



fences of plants bearing wildlife food are being encouraged. This eliminates the buying of fencing material. Birds of all kinds are also attracted to these habitats and serve to decrease the damage done to crops by insects. Furthermore, are not many pleasures and satisfactions accrued from having the king of game birds flourish as he once did? For example, who can measure the values received from the many invigorating hours in the field in quest of this sporty and elusive game bird?

Studies show that quail will maintain themselves well against diseases and their natural enemies such as predators, but only if they have the proper environment. This balance of nature works as long as normal conditions exist. It is all well and good for sportsmen to taken the portion of the bird crop that would ordinarily not survive anyway. A really conscientious hunter will recognize that this balance of nature exists and will not shoot a covey down to the point where the "seed stock" is endangered.

Everyone in Louisiana should be vitally interested in the future of the bob-white, but if we are to accomplish our purpose, there must be a coordinated and concerted effort by all.

Let's bring the bob-white back!

In finding dead or crippled game, a dog is the greatest asset the hunter can have. A trained force-broken retriever is worth his weight in gold, particularly in these days of game shortages when it is doubly important that every dead or wounded bird or animal become part of the gunner's game bag. The hunter can make a force-broken retriever hunt "dead" and bring the game to bag after he has found it. A dog trained in this manner can be caused to continue hunting long after a 'natural' retriever would have given up the search. But next to a force-broken retriever, a 'natural' retriever, or a dog which retrieves because he likes to, is best.

Regardless of the type or degree of training a dog has had, he can be extremely useful in locating fallen game. Even though he is not a member of the hunting breeds and seems to possess no interest in hunting, if he has any scenting ability at all and is not gun-shy, he is worth taking afield.

You may mark a falling bird down perfectly, thinking that it is dead midair, only to find no trace of it when you reach that spot. The bird may have been badly crippled but with enough strength left to find a more desirable hiding place. You can't detect the scented trail left behind, but any sort of a dog can . . . and will.

In addition to salvaging game which otherwise would be wasted and easing to some extent the pressure on remaining wildlife resources, an efficient retriever can contribute a large measure of pleasure to his master's day afield. One must be a pretty unresponsive individual not to thrill at the manner in which a seasoned retriever handles himself, his display of hunting intelligence, the way he uses his nose, the manner in which he works the wind, and the determination with which he searches.

It has been frequently estimated that one out of every five ducks downed each season is not recovered by the hunter. This, in my opinion, is a conservative estimate, and the majority of these are left to rot or become victims of predators simply because the hunter will not make the necessary effort, sometimes quite irksome, to bag them. Figure this out in relation to the total kill and it is easy to see that this annual loss is enormous. Good dogs could and would retrieve almost all of these birds. The real sportsman is duty bound to do all he can to eliminate this unnecessary waste. The simplest, easiest and most effective measure he can take is to use a retrieving dog. One of these dogs will more than double your hunting pleasure. One trial will convince you. This may sound like a patent medicine ad, but it's the very best advice I can give any sportsman. Use a dog and get that cripple!

I Just Like To Kill Things

By KRISTIN SERGEL

(Reprint from *Field and Stream*,
November, 1948 issue)

I'M TIRED of the elaborate apologies that we hunters feel obliged to make for our sport. I'm ashamed when some brilliant sportsman finds it necessary to preface his exciting stories with lengthy excuses. I'm sick of letting thinblooded, tongue-clucking, do-gooders make us feel guilty every time we pick up a rifle.

In the name of heaven, let's stop apologizing for the most wonderful sport in the world. I'm in rebellion! Perhaps I shouldn't put it quite so bluntly; but when someone asks me today why I hunt the dainty creatures of the field, I answer, "Because I just like to kill things." It stops the flow of silly questions faster than anything I know. It's true, too—so far as it goes. By the same token, a golfer might describe his love of golf by saying, "I just like to bat a little ball around."

Of course, there is much more to it than that, but how can you describe the joy of hunting to a lip-trembling "holier-than-thou"? How can you make these people understand hunting—the smell of a cool breeze coming off the pine tops, the taste of mountain blueberries, the feel of a smooth steel mechanism in your hands and, as you seek the wary and magnificent ram in the highest ridges, the stirring of instincts and emotions that are old and deep in the race of man. Oh, yes—they love their roast mutton. But somehow the thought of herded sheep being clubbed to death in a stockyard just doesn't register. It's done out of their sight by someone else, and therefore perfectly civilized and just.

The do-gooder and I may both sit down to a dinner of roast mutton this night. I don't care how he got his—and I'm not apologizing for how I got mine.

Why should we feel ashamed? Hunting was the oldest necessity, and a sport based on it is as natural as breathing. We've killed our meat for centuries longer than we've bought it at the local butcher. That sort of instinct doesn't die out in a few generations of suburban living, and a sport based on such fundamentals has values that no other can equal. There's little stimulation in a city existence, and we need the balancing excitement that the sport of hunting provides.

A California banker described how played-out and tired he gets with his job.



KRISTIN SERGEL

"Then all it takes," he went on, "is for some bear to scare me half to death, and I'm an entirely new man." You've heard variations of that as many times as I have—and probably experienced it, too.

I asked a doctor friend why this always seems to happen, and he explained that it's no illusion. The rush of adrenalin through you at the climax of the hunt literally stimulates the making of more red blood cells. No wonder the hunter returns from his trip so much more renewed and refreshed than does a botanist with his field guide book. The hunter has had this sharp stimulus to his whole being, and it's no surprise that they call him "red-blooded"—he is.

Some of the hunter-haters recognize these values, and counter with all sorts of suggested substitutes. A favorite is, "take a camera instead of a rifle." "Just as good as hunting," they claim, "and so much more humane." I tried it and, for me at least, no substitute for hunting has the zest and fire of the real thing. I don't think it does for other people, either.

I remember a recent trip to Canada. There was a party of five in ahead of us. Four of them were hunters, and the fifth a

photographer. A few days after we started packing in, we met one of the guides coming back. He said that the going ahead was rough, and that one of the party had quit. He was bringing him back out. One in our party offered to bet that the returning man was the photographer, but he found no takers. Of course, it was the photographer that turned back. The hunters pushed on.

This is one isolated case, but I think the condition is true generally. If it isn't, where are the pictures that show the great old trophy bulls? With a pitifully few exceptions, they just don't exist. Most of the pictures you see are of confident females or curious adolescents. There's nothing basic in camera hunting that drives you up over still another range of mountains where at last the worthwhile trophy is found. For that it takes a man with a rifle in his hand.

The main difficulty with the self-appointed moralists is that they won't let us alone. I see where one claims that hunters are such low fellows that they get their feeling of superiority by shooting little animals. There's a grain of truth in that, too; but these great moralists are also human, and they get their sense of superiority by pointing out how much nobler they are than the rest of us.

I was once dragged off to dinner by an earnest woman who fervently wanted to discuss my brutality. She took off her fur coat for which nine beaver had paid with their lives) and then lit into me. She gave me a rough going-over as she swished the veal cutlet around in the tomato sauce. The fact that her veal was once a calf with big brown eyes didn't bother her in the least. That's different, she said.

I don't get bothered much by those "judges" who are themselves accessories before and after the fact of the identical "crime." It's hopeless to argue with this mentality that can't make the connection between the platter on the table and the slaughter-house. They think milk comes from sterilized bottles—that's as far as they can see.

I used to say that when people generally give up chicken sandwiches I'd give up bird shooting; that when they stop eating caviar, I'd quit fishing, and

(Continued on Page 24)



Scene along Pearl River where squirrel hunters find a sportsman's paradise.



Melvin Duffy (left) and W. McFadden Duffy, each with a nice bag of gray squirrels found in the Pearl River swamps.

STALKING THE PEARL RIVER GRAYS

By W. McFadden Duffy

WHEN it comes to squirrel shooting in southeast Louisiana, some of the best and much of the worst to be found anywhere in the state is in the rugged Pearl River country east of Slidell.

There are hunters whose eyes sparkle at mere mention of "Honey Island", and there are others who maintain that many of these vast stretches of timber are nearly shot out. All agree that native hunters, shooting throughout the year, take a heavy toll of both bushytails and wild turkey; that conservation enforcement is the only thing that will bring the heavily shot areas back to their former bountifulness. Yet, in spite of the heated controversy that always springs up when hunters talk about the Pearl River woods, the possibility of killing off the grays in this area is a distant one. There'll be plenty of squirrel shooting for southeast Louisiana hunters in these woods as long as there are squirrels left in the state.

The problem of conservation enforcement is a serious one at present. As long as out-of-season hunters go uncured for the most part, shooting in certain easily accessible areas is going to continue spotty at best. By no means does the fault lie with the enforcement agents. They cover as much ground as they can and bring violators to justice whenever possible, but the fact remains that there are not enough agents to enforce the law properly throughout the vast stretches of wild country.

Just before the 1948 season began a young game warden was slain by an aged hunter who lived on a farm across the Mississippi state line in Hancock County. The enforcement agent, bent on investigating pre-season shooting near the farmer's house, was dropped with two blasts of a shot gun in the hands of a man who protested to authorities later that the right to hunt squirrel, in season and out, was a God-given privilege. Until more money is appropriated for law-enforcement and an educational program, native hunters will continue to pick the easy harvest of game in Pearl River country whenever they feel the need for food or the inclination to hunt. One heartening fact is that the native hunter doesn't venture far from home. Thickly settled areas may be shot out, or nearly so, but there are plenty of grays untouched by this illegal shooting.



Pearl River country constitutes a natural game preserve. Bounded by twin rivers, the area offers thousands of acres of densely-wooded sections laced with impenetrable underbrush, sloughs, bayous and river tributaries. In the remote areas countless deer, wild turkey, rabbit and squirrel are found in surprising numbers. 'Possum, coon, mink, weasel, otter and skunk haunt the smaller sloughs and bordering timber. The rivers and bayous are dimpled with rising bass, yellow bellies, goggle-eyes and small mouths. During the winter months mallards may be jumped on any of the numerous ponds and sloughs. The beautiful wood duck is coming back in ever-increasing numbers.

The last of the small Louisiana black bear in this area have taken to the dense islands but are occasionally routed by chance hunters. Alligators are found in large numbers in the palmetto-strewn lowlands. Commercial fishermen take a great number of yellow and blue cats on trot and limb lines. In spite of heavy logging operations, and increased number of hunters since the war, and the ever-spreading mesh of civilization, the section abounds in wild game and fish.

When old October rolls around I always start thinking about Pearl River grays. It has been that way for many years now, and I hope that I will always feel that way. Four years in the Infantry on Pacific islands only interrupted the singular thrill which comes with October. For it is then that something in the air always suggests harvest time. Even in the south there is a promise of cold weather. By late October the leaves are starting to turn brown and gold. The gray holly is already bright with crimson berries, and the squirrels begin to think in terms of warm dens, winter stores of food and passing time. This has always been the start of the season for grays.

The three principal methods of hunting grays in Pearl River country are much the same as those used throughout the South. Some of the older hunters scout out a rich food area, where cuttings reveal squirrels have been feeding. Then they settle back comfortably against a log or stump and wait for the hungry bushytails to make an appearance. Others take along a small dog, usually trained to hunt nothing but squirrels. Using a dog is most popular with

the native hunters. The third method, best by far, is that of stalking.

The first type of hunting calls for a great deal of patience, a comfortable log and keen eyes and ears. The hunter tries to keep as still as possible and watches for movement on the ground and in neighboring tree tops. Selecting the proper spot to take a stand means a great deal and the hunter usually tries to pick one which commands as much area as possible. A wise selection as far as the food area is concerned means everything. Visibility comes next. Most hunters try to locate a clearing in the middle of the food area and thus eliminate the unpleasantness of having a squirrel approach from behind, discover the hunter and go bounding away in alarm.

Use of dogs is much more popular than the more comfortable still hunt. Several hunters often follow a single dog, and most of the actual shooting is done at treed game. If the area being hunted has not been too thinned out by excessive shooting, hunters with one or more dogs can easily fill the limit bag. About the only chance a gray has when hunted in this fashion is to escape along the aerial route, jumping from branch to branch through the neighboring trees. Much of the heavy

timber already has been logged from the Pearl River country, but there are still large tracts where it is virtually impossible to tree a squirrel. I've heard hunters boast of having run a gray from tree to tree for several hundred yards before the dogs could tree him.

When hunters using a dog finally tree a squirrel the sport is over and the end evident. By shaking the tree and its branches, climbing, even the use of fire and smoke, the squirrel is forced to expose himself. At best there is little sport in this method, and even the companionship of a well-trained dog and his skill at locating squirrels in a heavily-shot area is lost.

The most pleasant method and one which most of the Pearl River country hunters employ is stalking. There probably isn't any greater thrill than to walk along one of the many trails which flank the twin rivers and many of the smaller bayous and stalk the cagy bushytail. Some of my happiest hunting days have been spent on the Pearl River trails. The crisp air and the keen, fresh breeze which swirls the early morning mist downstream on the river set an autumn stage for the hunter. From years of squirrel hunting in the Pearl River bottoms and from long talks with other hunters around driftwood fires on camp hunts, I have come to know that the thrill of hunting is in the stalk and not in the actual kill.

Stalking takes a lot of patience, perhaps even more than still hunting. The hunter moves slowly and almost silently, searching the ground in front of him and the tree tops above and before him with his eyes. More than the sight of a squirrel itself, the hunter looks for movement in the branches. The foremost principle in camouflage is immobility. While in the Infantry as a scout, and goose shooting on Oregon grain fields during training, I learned that geese and ducks will pass within a few yards of the hunter who drapes himself against a fence pole on the field's edge. Wild fowl fear movement, and the hunter who holds himself against the post is just a thicker post in a long line of fence posts until he gives himself away through movement.

The hunter also listens as he hunts and soon learns to separate the sounds of birds from the bark of grays on the move. And when it comes to the listening end of hunting for grays, the hunter soon learns that the squirrel, for all his little size as a game animal, is noisy. Branches and leaves have a way of collecting moisture, tiny drops of water. As every hunter knows, it is almost impossible to walk through woods in early morning without hearing the almost musical patter of falling water. And every hunter will agree that the slightest breeze creates an almost rain-like fall of water.

(Continued on Page 23)



Charles Dolhonde and Leonard Fulz (right) of New Orleans, each with their fine bag of Pearl River Grays at the start of this year's season.

Make This a Safe Hunting Season

THE observance of two simple, common-sense precautions, neither of which would cause the hunter any considerable inconvenience would eliminate more than 90 per cent of all hunting accidents and put hunting far out in front as the safest sport in the world, according to Henry P. Davis, Remington Arms Company, Inc.

"These are 'Treat EVERY gun with the respect due a LOADED gun' and 'NEVER point a gun at ANYTHING you do not want to shoot,'" says Davis. "Simple and easy to remember, but their importance is unsurpassed by any other rules of safe gun-handling. When a hunter treats every gun as if it were loaded and insists that his hunting companion do likewise, the accidents which occur when removing guns from blinds, boats or even cars cease to exist. And when he remembers to point his gun at NOTHING except that which he wants to shoot, the curve on the graph of hunting accidents takes a decided drop.

"These are not the only precautions to remember when you go hunting, but they provide the foundation for all the others. Bear in constant mind that there is no excuse for carelessness in gun handling, whether the weapon be loaded or not. Whenever you pick up a gun, whether you are indoors or outdoors, ALWAYS first point the muzzle in a safe direction and



"I didn't know it was loaded"

examine the piece carefully to make sure whether or not it is loaded.

"Never climb a tree or fence with a loaded gun and never leave it unattended unless you unload it first. Carry only EMPTY guns, taken down or with the action open, into your automobile, camp or home.

"Watch that muzzle! The pointing of a loaded or unloaded gun toward a com-

panion is a violation of every principle of good sportsmanship. It is the unpardonable sin of shooting ethics. Do it just once and you have lost the respect and comradeship of your companion, and branded yourself as a thoughtless novice or a careless, dangerous shooter with whom it is unsafe to go afield. There is simply no excuse for such action.

"Never indulge in 'horse-play' with firearms. This foolhardy practice has caused many fatal and near-fatal accidents. 'I didn't know it was loaded' is the most pitifully worthless alibi any one can offer.

"When you are resting in the field or woods, always lay your gun down flat, unloading it first and with the muzzle pointing in a safe direction. No one can enjoy lunch looking down the muzzle of a gun, loaded or unloaded. In climbing over fences or obstructions, always first hand your gun over to your companion, or pass it through the fence and lay it on the ground. A stumble or fall might prove disastrous.

"Before loading your gun, make sure that the barrel and action are free from obstructions. Foreign matter in the barrel causes more 'blown up' guns than any other factor. Should you stumble badly or fall and your gun muzzle touches the ground, always unload and look through the bore to be sure that is not clogged with mud, snow or other substance.

"When walking in front of your companion, keep your muzzle pointed forward. If you are walking behind him, see that



Be sure your insurance is in force before crossing a fence with a loaded gun.

your gun is pointed away from him at all times. It is best to walk abreast, but in doing so see that your muzzle is pointed away from your companion. And don't crowd him. See that both he and you have plenty of safe shooting room.

"Never, NEVER pull a gun, loaded or unloaded, toward you from a boat, car or through a fence. You are practically shaking hands with an undertaker when you do this.

"Watch that safety! Keep it on until you are ready to shoot. Examine it fre-



quently. Sudden jars and brushing against twigs or brush can release the safety catch without your knowing it.

"Always be sure of your target before pulling the trigger, and see what's behind it. Take a good look . . . and then look again. Never fire in the direction of a sudden sound. It may be caused by some farmer's livestock, or, worse still, another hunter. And this has happened, too!

"Constant practice of safety precautions makes them come easier. With time they become second-nature. The thinking sportsman becomes more careful with experience. It is the trigger-happy lad who thinks he knows it all who will bear constant watching. That sort of chap isn't popular for long with other hunters.

"These are all simple, easy-to-do things. Just remember that the only safe place with a loaded gun is behind it, and keep your hunting companion and your fellow-sportsman behind it, too. The observance of these simple rules, which become almost religion with real sportsmen, will not only keep hunting a safe sport, but will increase your popularity with your fellow man. Help make this the safest hunting season to date."

There is no such thing as a permanent lake. All inland lakes are destined to become dry land. Although it may take millions of years, this will happen even to the Great Lakes of North America.

The egg of the Ostrich weighs about three pounds and the empty shell is large enough to hold the contents of 18 eggs of the domesticated fowl.

What Makes Fish Bite?

TO BITE, a fish must either be angry or hungry. So says Dr. Samuel Eddy, of the University of Minnesota zoology department, and thus he concisely sums up the question puzzling anglers for centuries.

Hunger is the main reason fish bite. Normally they start feeding early, spend the middle of the day digesting their catch and then toward evening may look around for a bedtime snack. When they are full, they will take no more for 24 hours. Large fish work the hardest and longest getting their fill.

Fish appetites vary from day to day and season to season. Temperature is one factor. Fish are always hungry after spawning.

Last summer's poor fishing in many of the northern states was not due to overfishing or insufficient stocking, but to abundant natural food. Instead of highly specialized diets, most fish will take whatever is available, including plants. Many eat their own young. Frogs actually are a small part of bass diet. Northerns and muskies will take almost any swimming animal they can swallow.

Most game fish locate food by sight, which is poor, otherwise they would not strike bits of wood and even pebbles. Motion is more important than details of lure structure.

Fish such as catfish, suckers and carp have well-developed senses of taste and others such as crappies, sunfish and rock bass use a combination of taste and sight.

Some fish travel in schools and when one is caught there should be more. Northern pike tend to travel alone. Only artificial baits that give plenty of action should be considered.

Fishing is mainly an attempt to fool the fish into thinking a lure is something

to eat. When the fish is not hungry, all the art and cunning may not avail. Again, the biggest fish in the lake may pass up your luscious lure and take the worm offered by your small son at the other end of the boat.

When we cannot explain the fishes' behavior we call it luck. No doubt luck still plays an important part. If it were not for the element of luck, of the chance that you might catch the biggest fish of your life, much of the attraction would be removed.

Inventors of various devices to simplify

the knack of catching fish, including calendars, almanacs, barometers and tables of moon phases and tides probably will be unhappy about Dr. Eddy's conclusions. He implies that all this magic is refinement of superstitions, conjured up by anglers of prehistoric times.

"Ever since prehistoric man invented the fish hook," Dr. Eddy declares, "fishermen have tried all sorts of schemes to make fish bite it." Man soon found that sometimes he caught lots of fish and again he caught very few, and for thousands of years he has been trying to figure out why.

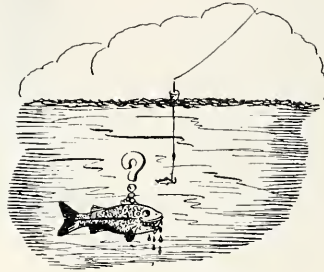
"First, he blamed the spirits, then he figured moon phases probably were responsible, and even today you can still obtain almanacs and calendars made out a year in advance which tell the days fish will bite."

As for the barometer, Dr. Eddy points out that fish swimming a few feet up or down will encounter far greater pressure changes than normal atmosphere fluctuations. The fish has in his body a sort of barometer — and airbladder for buoyancy which is sensitive to pressure.

"So the real reason a fish bites," the fish expert asserts, "is because the fish is either hungry or mad."

The largest and smallest animals in the world live in water. These range from microscopic one-celled animal to multi-tonned whales.

The young of the opossum are born incompletely developed and live contently in their mother's pouch for nearly two months after birth.



HARVEST TIME IN THE MARSHES



Maud Muller, as winsome as the lady of the poem, with her pet muskrat she has reared from a tiny mouse, brought to her by her Dad, John Muller, newsreel cameraman.

THE harvest moon is shining again over the Louisiana marshes, but it is not the harvest moon the song writers rave about. It's the harvest moon for the Louisiana trappers for the fur harvest is on again.

On November 20 the trapping season for all fur-bearing animals with the exception of muskrat and nutria, was opened, and will continue until January 20th. Muskrat and nutria may be trapped from December 1st to February 15th. And although muskrat and nutria will provide the bulk of the fur harvest, there will be many thousand dollars worth of mink, otter, fox, skunk, racoon, opossum and civet cat pelts garnered by the approximately 15,000 licensed trappers of Louisiana before the season ends.

Last summer, with one extremely rainy spell for several weeks, followed by an unusually dry period, was not a particularly good summer for the state's fur bearing animals, especially the muskrats, and it is doubtful if the 1948-1949 fur yield will approach that of last year when a total

of 6,144,060 pelts were taken with an approximate value of \$9,248,807.30.

There is another serious deterrent, too, that will have a bad effect on this year's muskrat harvest. Raccoons have become numerous in some areas that trappers are suffering heavy losses in 'rat catches. The raccoons, sly and avaricious predators, eat the trapped muskrats before the trappers can rescue them from their traps.

One trapper in the Pass A'Loutre marshes, says it is not an uncommon thing to find that 'coons have eaten as high as 30 rats that have been caught in his traps in one night.

Then why don't they trap the raccoons? For several reasons. It is much harder to trap raccoons than 'rats, and, 'coon pelts are almost worthless. The meat of the raccoon brings a much greater price than the pelt, if it were possible to get the meat to a market.

Last summer's storms also had their effect on the muskrat crop, flooding the trapping lands with salt water that remained to cover the nests for many days.

(Continued on Page 20)

Trapping Tips

When fleshing pelts use a small pair of scissors instead of a knife and there will be less danger of cutting or damaging the hide.

* * * * *

Skunks have a habit of blundering into traps set for other animals. To remove the skunk odor from traps, before resetting them, boil them in water to which common household lye has been added.

* * * * *

To color traps black or brown so they will be less noticeable when set, boil them an hour in either walnut shucks (hulls), soft maple bark, cypress bark, small tamarack roots and shredded bark, mesquite or creosote brush. Let them remain in the solution overnight.

* * * * *

To prevent cutting or otherwise damaging pelts when scraping the fat from them use the inside edge of a large metal spoon, the side of an old file or a metal fruit jar lid.

* * * * *

Don't overstretch pelts to make them wider or longer as this will thin the fur and means lower grading and prices when the fur is sold.

* * * * *

Use an old fashioned clothes pin to remove the tail bones from animals when skinning them. The clothes pin works better than split sticks or other makeshifts and can be carried in the pocket or pack where it is always handy.

* * * * *

Rust can be removed from old traps by boiling them in a strong lye solution to loosen the rust and then using a stiff wire brush or steel wool and plenty of elbow grease to finish the job.

* * * * *

To keep traps from rusting when stored put them in a box or barrel of chaff or oats in a dry place.

* * * * *

Most of the odor of skunk pelts can be removed by soaking the entire fur in strong cider vinegar for an hour. (From the hands, too.) Dry the fur thoroughly in the air before stretching.

* * * * *

Burrs in fur can be removed easily with the fingers if a little vaseline is rubbed into the tangle. Comb and brush the fur "slick" before stretching the pelt. Dirty furs should be washed in mild soap-suds and rinsed in clear water before stretching them.



Johnny Lynch, U. S. wildlife biologist now stationed in Abbeville, with his pet nutria, now about half grown.

(Continued from Page 19)

In the nutria (coypu) country in Southwest Louisiana this newest contributor to the Louisiana fur crop has fared well and indications are that there will be an increase over last year's yield. Nutria are extremely prolific, and last year a total of 28,176 pelts were taken, which is an amazing total in consideration of the fact that only a decade ago the first nutria (50 animals only) were turned loose in Louisiana, after they had been imported from South America.

In general appearance there is little difference between the nutria and the muskrat except their size . . . the nutria is much larger. But a closer examination reveals that a nutria pelt is much more valuable, because they are almost all of the same color and consequently much easier to match, and the fur is more dense and considerably softer. As a result a nutria pelt brings about twice as much on the market as muskrat.

For weeks before the opening of the season the trappers were preparing for their annual harvest. Camps were renovated and repaired; traps were gone over and conditioned; trapping rights obtained; and in some instances entire families were moved into the trapping areas, where for two-and-a-half months the daily gather will continue.

Nor are the trappers the only ones who have been preparing. Fur buyers and dealers, most of them veterans in the Louisiana fur industry, have been making their customary arrangements with the Fur and Refuge Division of the Louisiana Depart-

ment of Wildlife and Fisheries. All of them must be licensed, and all furs trapped and sold must come under the supervision of the state department.

State wardens, under the supervision of

Armand J. Daspit, director of the fur and refuge division, will make scheduled tours of the trapping areas, checking and gathering pelts, grading them for quality and size, and removing them to warehouses to await the fur auctions.

The fur industry in Louisiana is big business, and it is conducted as big business, with constant precaution to guard against waste, law violations and depredations, so that it will continue to be big business.

Jeep Plows For Forest

Jeeps of the Louisiana Forestry Commission are now being equipped with universal fire plows according to Assistant State Forester W. C. Valentine.

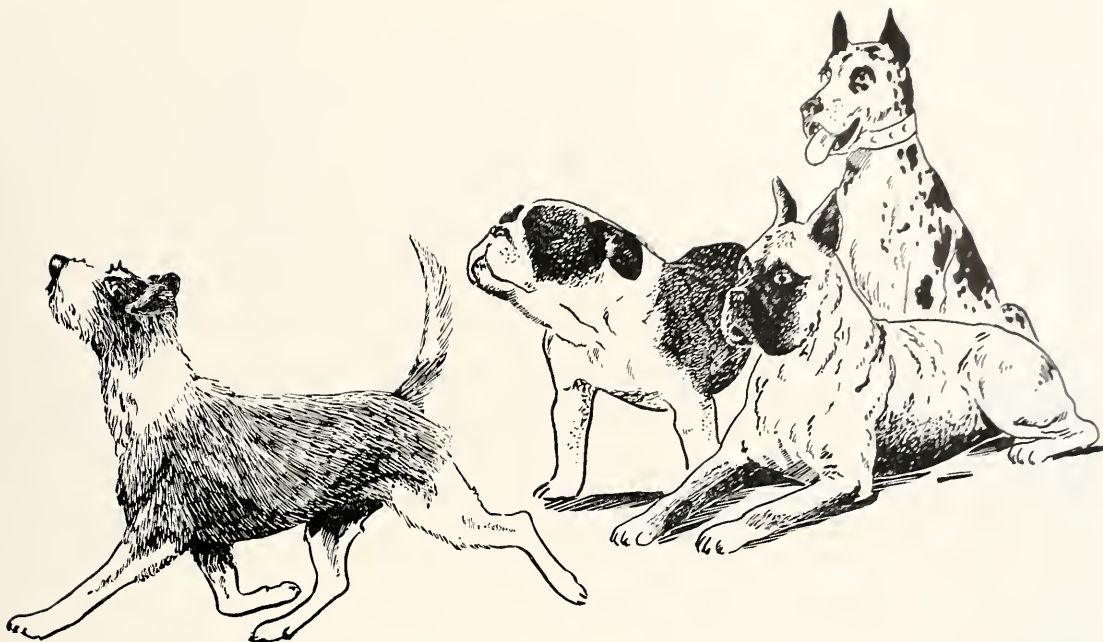
The plow, a development of the research section of the Commission, is designed to plow a fire line over three feet in width. It was developed in an attempt to provide woods fighters with a highly mobile, efficient fire plow.

Valentine, who is in charge of the Commission's fire fighting operations, pointed out that the new plow is more suitable to certain types of Louisiana terrain. For this reason, all of the Commission's jeeps will not be equipped with the plows.

"The Commission is constantly experimenting in an attempt to provide our fire fighters with equipment that is more suited for Louisiana use," he said. "It is only through the use of such equipment that our woods fire losses can be reduced."



I'm glad the trapping season is here so I'll have something to do.



A Pooch Is A Kind Of A Dog

By KERRY WOOD

IF YOU EVER want to get hold of a first rate Pooch, the best way to go about it is to just wait. Soon or late some friend will say:

"Y'know, you need a dog around your home."

You should respond as follows: "Well, I'd kinda like to have a dog, come to think of it. D'you know where I can get one?"

"Let's see now," your friend will deliberate. "I did hear about some pups the other day—Oh, sure! Old Farmer Capp has a batch he wants to pass around."

Visit Farmer Capp and tell him your desires.

"You want a pup? Why, sho'—be glad to oblige you. Take more'n one if you care to—she produced eleven, this hatchin'!"

Follow Farmer Capp to the cow stable, where he will blandly offer the pick of the squealing litter. The pups will be assorted browns and blacks and yellows and whites, reflecting something of the cosmopolitan disposition of the mother. Undoubtedly the sanest way to choose one is to tightly close your eyes, grope around with one hand, and pick up the first puppy touched.

"This is my dog," you can proudly announce.

But you are all wrong to assume that

the dog is yours, because a Pooch is a creature who belongs only to himself. You can be all things to all men if you wish, but a Pooch is himself, first, last, and all the times between. He's the most independent cuss on four feet. He may eat your grub and sprawl on the welcome mat at your front door, dig holes in your lawn and chase the neighbor's cat, growl at your friends and fawn on thievish tramps, giving you to believe that he is your very own, to have and to hold, so long as you both may feel that way. But if he is a full fledged Pooch the truth will never be disguised for a moment: he will do just what he likes, when he likes, and how he likes, and phooey to you for thinking otherwise.

Of course, not all mongrels are pooches; likewise, not all pooches are mongrels. Spend five hundred dollars for a dog with a pedigree longer than the Earl of Dowitchers', and you still can't get away from the percentage of chance that the cash has

been spent on a mill-run Pooch similar in character to the ash-can puppy which tags along behind the whistling delivery boy.

The first Pooch we had in our home was sold to the family as a registered article. He was reputed to be an Airedale and his appearance helped that deception. Indeed, he even won first prize of all the Airdales in a city dog-show when he was a year old, and followed up his victory by chasing the chief judge half way up a balcony pillar to secure a souvenir chunk of the man's trousers. But the moment that dog stretched his immature legs and tumbled grotesquely out of the shipping crate, it was unmistakable that here was a Pooch. There was an intangible something about him, an individualism which scorned the complacent standardizations sought by a century of selective breeding. He was, every bit of him, a Dawg!

Nobby was his name, and Nobby stayed at home only so long as he found it entertaining to do so. He disregarded the theories we had gained from dog authorities who claimed that a canine should eat only once a day. Nobby insisted on three full-squares per day and as many snacks as he could comfortably mooch. He lived through dis temper, seven batches of porcupine quills, nineteen encounters with skunks, three car

run-overs and one bicycle smash, several assorted horse kicks and bull prods, and at least twenty thousand dog fights. His only medicine throughout such trials and tribulations was a mixture of sulphur and molasses, which he lapped up with gusto because he happened to like it.

Bought at a time when a gullible public believed that the Airedale was the sportsman's all-around dog, Nobby had wayward notions as to the duties of a hunting animal. He would desert the duck marshes at any time to indulge himself in a robust rabbit chase through the nearby willows. When supposed to be acting as a ruffed grouse dog in the spruce woods, he found the red squirrels much more interesting and enjoyed sitting under their trees and listening to the excited animals say nasty things about his ancestry. Out in the fields when the gunners sought prairie chicken, Nobby found there was more fun to be had digging for gophers.

Every kid in town loved that dog, and every cat-owner breathed a sigh of relief when they heard Nobby had passed to his reward. What better epitaph could a dog have?

The proper way to train a pooch is to give him absolutely no training at all. One

should realize that a Pooch, being an individualist, must be free to follow his own whimsical paths of learning.

But if you happen to be a conscientious sort of chap, perhaps you'll feel better if you try to teach the dogs some of the facts of life. Go ahead and indulge yourself to the limit. Subscribe to dog magazines and write long queries to the editors, see the local experts, listen while your friends give out with multifarious theories. Get a whistle, a rope and a collar, a stuffed bird and a bag of bones. Bang off the blank pistol, throw the bird, and yell "Fetch!" Go ahead, have a real good time! Undoubtedly the Pooch will get something of a kick out of all this fuss, though it may cement in his mind certain off-color suspicions about your sanity. As for the results: a Pooch will do just as he pleases despite all your efforts to have him cater to your own pet idiosyncrasies.

Of course, if you hit on something the dog happens to enjoy, then he will apply himself to learning all the details possible. Perhaps he may even find his life-work that way, as did a pooch belonging to a friend of mine.

He was a nice big lunk of a Labrador puppy with a happy smile and gigantic

feet, and he didn't spoil any more than the usual number of ten dollar shoes and expensive rugs. My friend undertook to train him, and the dog made the delightful discovery that he enjoyed retrieving. Forthwith, that Pooch decided to devote his life to retrieving. He's fetch anything. Weed the garden and throw the dandelions over the back fence, and next moment the tail-thumping dog would lay the discarded collection at your feet. Pitch out a tin can, and the Lab would promptly bring it back. Toss aside a banana skin and a second later the slimy thing was plopped into your hand. My friend couldn't even empty the furnace ashes without complications setting in: the dog couldn't fetch the ashes in his mouth, but he could and would haul the whole ash-can onto the front porch and dump it there for Master's approval. If the Pooch happened to be along when the family drove out to the city dump to dispose of rubbish, by nightfall the entire accumulation would be strewn around the front lawn with the happily exhausted dog barking self-praise in the middle of it. Oh, yes: my friend wished he'd left that Pooch's training good and well alone!

Speaking of retrieving brings to mind another Pooch who was a specialist at this art. He specialized in domestic fowl.

At first he fetched the neighbor's scrub hens which the neighbor magnanimously valued at only two dollars per bird. After the so-called master of the Pooch had paid for three tough boilers, he and the neighbor tried to teach the dog better manners. They sprinkled cayenne pepper on the scrub hens, making the pooch leave the low quality birds alone for the time being. In-

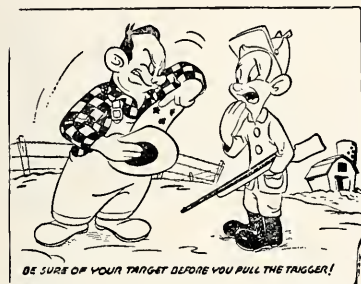


Exhibits of the Louisiana Department of Wildlife and Fisheries at the Franklinton fair, prepared and arranged by Eduard Morgan, at the department's museum in the Presbytere opposite Jackson Square.



stead, the dog found consolation in the genteel runways of a big shot fancier, who forced my friend to pay for pilfered birds at the rate of five dollars each. The dog's master then got a chemist to mix up some vile tasting stuff and sprayed it on the fancy birds, with the result that the dog went farther a-field and brought home a prize ten dollar turkey.

Shortly after the turkey episode my friend moved to another neighborhood and early at the new location the dog learned the money saving habit of secrecy. This



lesson was taught him by a farmer of the old school, who saw the pooch leaving the hen-house with a fat rooster and did the accurate thing with a load of No. 6 chilled shot. After that the dog played his game more cautiously and my friend did not need to pay up again. And his wife, through continual practice, became the best poultry cook in the district.

A friend of my friend who did not know of the dog's specialty but recognized dog lineage when he saw it, pressed for the loan of the Pooch for the opening day of the duck season.

"Well, now," said the owner, "I've never used him on ducks."

"It's time someone did, then," said the friend. "He looks like a natural-born retriever, to me."

"Oh, he's a good enough retriever," the owner admitted. "But we've never found him keen on ducks."

"Perhaps you don't know how to handle him," the other man suggested. "Let me take him out for a working—you may be surprised at the results."

"You may be the one who's surprised," said the smirking owner, and finally agreed to the loan. "But remember, you've promised not to harm this dog in any way, despite how he behaves. I'm holding you strictly to that promise, because I kinda value this pooch the way he is."

"Sure, sure," agreed the other. "Don't worry—I'm crazy about dogs myself."

My friend's friend had quite a hunt, that day. He was shooting in a district where farms were close to the marshes, and whenever he dropped a duck and commanded the dog to "Fetch" the Pooch streaked for the nearest henhouse. So

the man finished his hunt with a bag containing four mallards, all retrieved by himself, while the dog's contribution was one turkey, three assorted pullets, one Guinea hen and one long-spurred Cuban fighting cock!

PEARL RIVER GRAYS . . .

(Continued from Page 16)

When a saucy gray races along the branch of a tree or leaps from one branch to another he easily reveals himself to the silent, stalking hunter by a shower of rain-like dew.

The importance of searching the ground as well as the tree tops is not new to seasoned hunters. Squirrels have a way of deserting the tree tops at certain times. Perhaps it is the quest of food or the time honored custom of burying nuts for winter, but occasionally a hunter can pass through an area which usually abounds in squirrels only to find that his keen eye and almost painful caution fail to produce.

I once made a two-hour hunt along a trail which had never failed to produce at least one or two grays. Two long hours passed before I realized that my bushy-tail friends were on the ground. Within a half-hour I spotted two, for I then knew where to look for them. They treed quickly even though I spent twenty minutes in silent approach. I believe this is because squirrels on the ground are quickly aware of the slightest movement. Their keen ears pick up the slightest sound and in the interest of safety they take to the tree tops.

There are a number of tricks which hunters utilize to fool the wily bushytail. One, a long favorite with Pearl River country hunters, is to remove a hat or coat and hang it on a nearby limb. This particular ruse is a boon to the hunter who has treed a squirrel only to have him slowly shift position with the hunter, always managing to keep six or seven inches of oak or cypress between himself and the stalker. With the coat or hat visibly placed on the always handy stump or bush, the hunter moves in a wide circle to the other side of the tree. Mr. Gray suddenly stops his maddening circular shift to study the strange garment so carelessly displayed, and in so doing throws in his blue chips.

Another almost certain way to make a gray stop that maddening circle movement which has driven more than one hunter



to near distraction is use of a hawk call. I always carry several calls in my shooting coat. Olt's "Perfect Regular Hawk Call" is a surefire thing with most grays who are treed and either "frozen" in dense vines and moss or engaged in that tantalizing, jitterbug movement around the tree trunk. Olt's call works equally well with the Sharp-shinned, Coopers, Duck Hawk, and Goshawk. If there's one thing in all the world which the bushytail fears more than the two-legged predator with a gun, it's a hawk. The familiar whistling scream of the hawk in a dive will send him scooting about in the tree top, interested only in locating the hawk and a better hiding place.

From long years of hunting grays in the Pearl River country I have come to the conclusion that squirrels, like humans, are methodical in their habits. They usually follow the same route to feeding areas and water. I have always made it a point to stop wherever I find a used shotgun shell or when I spot the sharp gleam of used brass. I think that a great deal of my luck in picking up grays in heavily-shot areas stems from this habit. Whenever a hunter finds a shell case or used brass he can be relatively certain that some hunter has fired at game. Only the novice fires indiscriminately and leaves a lot of shells scattered around the woods. Sometimes a hunter is lost and fires his piece in hopes that a companion hunter or another will answer and guide him in. In that case, shells are usually found in sets of three, the universal distress signal.

Whenever I find a single casing I make a point of freezing for as long as thirty minutes, usually against a convenient log or stump. It's a sound practice, for if any of the late Mr. Gray's friends or companions are in the neighborhood, they usually give themselves away. I can honestly say that as many as one out of three squirrels I have bagged in heavily hunted areas have come from shots made within sight of an empty casing.

Whenever hunters get to talking about Pearl River, sooner or later they mention the weather. Weather conditions furnish about as controversial a subject as Louisiana politics. Over a period of years I have come to prefer crisp mornings with little or no wind and lots of sunshine. I find that the cold, blustery days draw complete blanks. Even the slightest breeze causes the leaves and branches to sway and shower moisture in musical patter. It is hard to detect even the noisiest squirrel on such a morning. A crisp, still morning, on the other hand, brings the bushytails out in search of food or water, and their chattering, crashing progress soon gives them away.

I remember one early November morning last year. I had driven swiftly from New Orleans to Slidell with only singing automobile tires and the bright red glow of a cigaret for company. There was hardly

any breeze and as I sped over the long Maestri Bridge across Lake Pontchartrain I could see far out across the still water. A bright moon gave the water that silver gleam which has stirred the hearts of American hunters since days of lean Kentucky riflemen.

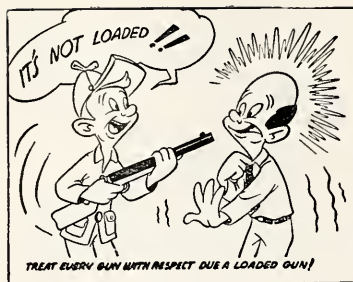
When I reached Slidell I stopped for coffee. There's a restaurant in the town which is a stopping place for Greyhound buses, but when there aren't any buses around in the early morning it's given over entirely to hunters and fishermen bound for Pearl River country. They're a companionable sort, these fellow hunters, clad in their brown hunting coats, hats cocked at rakish angles. Talk is mostly of guns and dogs and favorite trails. There's the odor of freshly brewed coffee. It's the last stop along the way, the jumping off place for Pearl River grays or piney woods quail.

I always linger longer over coffee than I should, and the first touch of morning gray in the eastern sky sends me rocketing along that seven-mile stretch of straight highway leading to West Pearl River. Nothing a hunter will ever be able to say can recapture the thrill of those pre-dawn miles. As the sky grows lighter the trees along the way are set in sharp silhouette. Now and then a small flight of wild ducks whisk across the highway bound for the coastal marshes. In tiny farm houses the soft orange glow of early morning lamps lights the windows.

On this particular morning I found West Pearl bathed in a swirling sea of fog. It drifted in patches under the bridge trestle as I drove. When the wind is gentle or moderate fog swirls along as swiftly as the current, making the bends of the river in billowing coils, finally dispersing as the sun comes up.

I pulled off the road and parked beneath a tall cottonwood tree, quickly slipping into my hunting vest and tucking a pint thermos of hot coffee into one of the big pockets. There was just enough light to see the trail so I moved swiftly through the trees toward a small cabin about a half-mile from the road. It is situated on the bank of West Pearl, facing the river. The trail runs within a few yards of the front door, then it crosses an open field and cuts into the woods again, following the curves of the sprawling river.

For some reason, I've never hunted the strip of land between the railroad tracks and that cabin. I hardly ever stop until I've passed the cabin and picked up the trail again. There may be a few squirrels in there and I've always vowed that some day I'd snoop around and find out, but I never have. It's the denser woods beyond the clearing that always attracts me, so on this particular morning I hurried along the trail until I reached the clearing. A couple of doves rose from the grass and went weaving out over the river, turning in a wide arc and heading upstream toward



the railroad tracks. I stopped for coffee and a final cigaret, leaning against a young cypress and listening intently while I smoked. There was no breeze and the only sounds were those of small birds in noisy morning chatter.

Finishing the cigaret just as the gray of early morning seemed to fade into clear daylight, I eased the safety off my Winchester Sporter and started down the trail. Every twenty yards or so I stopped to listen. I'd wait maybe five minutes, slowly turning in a half circle. Listening for the sound of a feeding squirrel.

At best, progress is extremely slow along the trail. During the war years vines grew up and spread profusely between the trees. In some places it is necessary to leave the trail entirely and cut back farther downstream. The hurricane which hit the Gulf area last year, forerunning another this past September, uprooted a number of trees, some of which fell across the trail. Fallen branches and scattered trees have to be skirted, and to do this noiselessly takes time.

I worked slowly, stopping at regular intervals to listen and at the same time scan the tree tops and open patches of woods for signs of movement. Some forty-five minutes after I entered the woods my caution was rewarded. A big gray was perched on top of an old stump about fifty yards up the trail. He was busily cutting away at an acorn and every now and then he twitched his tail and shifted position slightly. I was afraid to chance a shot from where I stood because there were several branches between the squirrel and me. The only way for me to get a nice shot was to move off the trail and circle around behind the jutting branches so that I could shoot without risking bullet deflection on a twig or branch.

While I shifted with bated breath, moving only a foot or so at a time and waiting a minute after each step, Mr. Gray bounced lightly down to the ground and disappeared for a moment. I was about to give him up when he re-appeared with another nut, leaping nimbly to his perch atop the old stump. I moved a little faster now, edging slowly around the jutting branches. I had covered some ten yards in as many minutes and was now in position to sight clearly.

At forty yards he showed up as big as life in the scope. He was busy cutting away at the nut, turning it first one way and then another. It was an easy shot.

Through custom I immediately froze, trying foolishly to watch in all directions at once. When the thin, dry crack of a .22 sounds off in the squirrel country I usually try to watch for movement. Sometimes a second squirrel decides to shift position quickly and he's the fellow I'm interested in. My wait was fruitless. After five minutes I walked over and gathered the crumpled gray.

For years I have belonged to the school of hunters who feel that for every bagged gray there is a cup of coffee reward. There's a certain satisfaction in a cup of steaming coffee and a cigaret that only comes after finding the first gray of the morning. Even if the rest of the day proves uneventful—and that is sometimes the case along the trails—coffee, a cigaret and the sight of the bushy tail of a silver gray hanging from the game pocket make a perfect threesome.

I made the second shot at an even greater distance. This gray was moving swiftly through the tree tops, evidently heading for a feeding spot. As he moved along, the branches swayed and showered leaves and dew. The gray bounded along, halting at intervals to listen. When he reached a tall water oak along the trail and paused on one of the topmost branches he offered a perfect target.

I LIKE TO KILL . . .

(Continued from Page 13)

that when the hamburger stands shut down from lack of customers, I'd give up hunting. However, the lot of the vegetarian is too precarious, and my promise is off. The nature of man is to eat meat, and he needs it. The famous Professor Carlson of the University of Chicago has demonstrated that, on the average, vegetarians do not live as long as those who eat a normal diet. Then, too, the distinguished surgeon, Dr. William Hazlett, has said that vegetarians make poor medical risks. No, thank you. I'll stick to steaks, and all the venison I can shoot.

But it's not just the meat—gosh, no! That's justification enough, but it's only a small part of the picture. Darn few people hunt simply because they want to cut down on the butcher bill. A man hunts because he loves to—because it's a natural thing for him to do, and because it has all the value that the fulfillment of a deep instinct provides. It's a challenge to intelligence and endurance. It's a thrilling contest with an uncertain conclusion.

The outcome of a hunt is far from the dead certainty that the do-gooders would have people believe. There's an elephant in Tanganyika named the "Crown

Prince" that has been outwitting and even killing hunters since he was first identified in 1907. He's still king of a particular bamboo-clad mountain. There's also a large jack-rabbit in a certain Iowa cornfield that I've spent hopeless day after day hunting. Probably I could locate once more a muskie in the Flambeau that I've raised three times from the same spot. Nothing I can do will make him take a lure.

The fact that a person loves hunting, though, does not mean that he condones the wanton slaughter that some blasted fool occasionally perpetrates, which the do-gooders take such joy in publicizing as "typical examples." There's nothing typical about it. I hate a game hog, and so does every hunter I know. That's why hunters, through their license fees and taxes, pay the salaries of game wardens. The nature-lover doesn't contribute a dime toward game protection. He just does the tongue-clucking. The hunter pays the bill.

I remember a cock pheasant running across the road and out into a field. Seeing the eager look on my face, a friend unpursed his lips to say, "I suppose you'd like to take a shotgun and go after that beautiful bird." He hit the nail exactly on the head, and I said so. He asked what right I had even to consider doing a thing like that. I told him I had a perfect right, for I'd paid for that pheasant. Pheasants aren't native to this country. They were brought here by the hunters.

That's just another example of the use made of the license money and taxes we pay. Yes, and we pay for hatcheries, and game control, and emergency feeding, and research — every important thing that's done for conservation. The nature lovers may sound a roll of drums and a fanfare as they set out a bird-bath in the middle of a park, but it's the millions paid by those who love to hunt and fish that make the difference to the game.

It's at this point that the do-gooders wheel out what they consider to be their most damning argument. "Who killed off the bison?" they thunder, and "Who exterminated the passenger pigeon?" The implication that follows is that we are ruthlessly eliminating every wild thing that lives. This line of thought has been worked so well that every school child thinks it's true.

Let me make a flat statement: those who hunt for sport and their own dinner table have never eliminated any species. I'm through with sitting quietly by while hunters shoulder the blame for the natural results of civilization's inroads and the bloody slaughters for market: It's the sportsman who stopped this and saved the game. Thanks to the conservation programs, the game is on the increase in many areas. Where it isn't, research is in progress and strict

controls are imposed. The sportsmen are behind every move of this type.

Who would trade away the joys of hunting for the mutual back-patting of the do-gooders? I wouldn't miss a minute of stalking through a snow-heavy Pennsylvania forest, or resting on a ledge in the Rockies while the Cree guide scans the slopes for a grizzly. What sound is there in civilization that stirs you like the sudden crack of a branch in the forest? What sight is there comparable to the bound of a deer, the savage roll of a hooked muskie, or the sudden charge of an infuriated bear? There's nothing like it, and every hunter knows it.

Never apologize for such a sport! You should no more feel ashamed of your urge to hunt than you should of belonging to mankind. It's no accident that mothers still sing their children to sleep with "Bye baby bunting, Daddy's gone a-hunting."

DUCKS ARE HERE . . .

(Continued from Page 6)

scarce, are the Attwater prairie chicken, the upland and golden plovers, the Eskimo curlew, the jacksnipe, and even the woodcock, in some localities.

Add to these game species, the condor (less than 100 left), the whooping crane (29 left), the ivory-billed woodpecker, white pelican, Florida crane, sandhill crane, and glossy ibis, all fairly plentiful less than a hundred years ago, and you begin to wonder. Two extinct non-game species, the great auk of the North Atlantic coast, and the orange and yellow-headed parrots of

Florida, should certainly be added to the record.

All right, I agree. Why "cry over spilt milk"? It's true, the duck situation is a little brighter today than it was a year ago. But let's not spill any more. They are not alarmists who contend that we are perhaps witnessing today the passing of American waterfowl. True, some will laugh at the idea, just as our grandfathers would have laughed sixty years ago if anyone had even hinted that there was a remote possibility of the passenger pigeon passing out of existence. "Why, hell, man—there are millions!"

There are millions of ducks left today, too, but will you and I be able to go duck shooting in 1975, or even 1960? Will you and I, in our doddering old age, take the kiddies down to the zoo some Sunday afternoon to look at the rare pintail duck or blue-bill? Or will you and I just shrug our shoulders and say "Too bad," pick up our trusy fowling piece, and go out and shoot a few English sparrows?

A record price of \$1,000 was paid for a coon hound when Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Fisher of Pennsylvania bought Mississippi Frank from W. R. Grisham of Mississippi. If looks mean anything this hound will win back his purchase price at the 'coon hound field trials next season.

An odd looking hybrid was born recently on a southwestern Texas ranch. It was a cross between an India Brahman bull and an American buffalo cow. The calf was a pinto—white or light cream with reddish spots and markings.



Hunters Do The Darnest Things

By DUKE LAMSTER

In South Dakota Conservation Digest

HUNTERS are a sub-species of the two-legged mammals which inhabit this earth and are called men. They come in assorted sizes and colors. Their range is from the South to the North Pole and back again. They are good and bad, big and little, thin and fat, rich and poor and their skins are red, white, black and yellow. In certain respects they resemble ordinary human beings, but don't let that throw you, there is a difference, a big difference.

When a man grumbles and mumbles at buying a car license, but happily digs down in his jeans and deposits a fistful of greenbacks on the counter for a hunting license, he is a hunter. His dress suit may be a little tight and somewhat frayed and threadbare here and there, but his hunting clothes? Ah, they are the best, the very best. Five dollars for a white dress shirt is down-right robbery, but ten bucks for a hunting shirt? Well, that is different, that's all just different.

Getting up at 6 o'clock in the morning to mow the lawn or hoe the garden is ridiculous. But rolling out at 4 a.m. on a frosty morning to go duck hunting, now there is some sense to that.

He picks up a little sparrow with a broken wing and tenderly nurses it back to health. Florence Nightingale had nothing on him. Then he grabs his terrible instrument of destruction, the 12 gauge shotgun, and goes utterly berserk, murdering pheasants, ducks and geese and what-have-you that is unlucky enough to get within range of his weapon. It isn't Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde, it is just Mr. Hunter.

The little woman's washing machine is in pretty bad shape. Should have a new one by all means. However, a little welding here and there and a new part or two puts it in fairly good shape again. At least she can use it for a while yet. But when the old shotgun begins to go haywire, plunking down \$75.00 for a new one is just a matter of course. A fellow has to have a gun doesn't he?

Mr. Hunter, you rave and tear your hair at the sight of the meat bill. Those butchers should carry blackjacks and wear masks. Just think of the saving on the meat bill when you bring home game birds to eat! Beefsteak at the local market is fifty cents a pound, but, brother, those ducks cost you at least five dollars a pound and you know it.

The little wife has to beg you on bended knees to go down to the corner grocery store, it is only four blocks, and get a loaf of bread. Yet you tramp through a jungle of weeds, in mud and snow, rain or shine, out hunting and think nothing of it. In fact it was great sport, and you had a swell time. Why? Because you're a hunter.

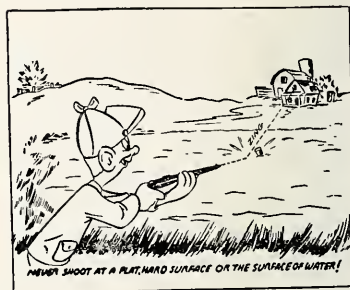
Fixing a flat tire on the highway in the rain is a swell way to catch double pneumonia and you mutter a lot of things you didn't learn in Sunday school while doing it. Yet you sit for hours on end in a cold, damp duck blind with a raw northwest wind blowing down your neck and call it sport.

Your better half brings home a silly little hat with a five dollar price tag on it and you voice your disapproval in no uncertain terms. Something about people who go around throwing away hard earned money for such doodads. But when you return from a two day hunting trip that set you back twenty-five dollars and proudly lay two little wet, bedraggled Blue Winged Teal at her feet, you expect her blue eyes to open wide and words of praise and flattery to pour forth upon your waiting ears.

The children really have a job on their

hands when they try to get you out of your easy chair for a walk through the park on a nice sunny Sunday afternoon. But you yell with delight and skip madly over a couple dozen mountains hunting for deer. Shucks, nothing to it!

See what I mean? Hunters do the darndest things. God bless 'em!



How Many Shot in a Shell?

Upland game and waterfowl gunners frequently wonder how many pellets of shot are contained in the shells they are using and ammunition manufacturers receive quite a few letters of inquiry in this regard. Henry P. Davis, public relations division, Remington Arms Company, Inc., comes up with following information:

"Many hunters wonder how many shot pellets their shells contain, but, naturally, few take the trouble to count them. Ammunition manufacturers are exceedingly particular about shot manufacture, however, for uniformity in shot sizes contributes greatly to uniformity in shot shell performances. Shot are manufactured to rigid size and weight specifications which have had industry-wide adoption through the Sporting Arms and Ammunition Manufacturers' Institute.

"It is easy for the shooter to figure out how many shot each load contains if he knows how many pellets of the various standard sizes are contained in one ounce. A close approximation of the number of shot per ounce loaded in Remington shells follows:

Shot Size	Number of Pellets Per Ounce
BB	50
2	88
4	136
5	172
6	223
7	299
7 1/2	350
8	409
9	585
10	868
11	1380
12	2385





Although it is open season on deer these denizens of the Fontainbleau State Park at Mandeville, La., are not worrying about hunters. In fact they're not worrying about anything. The fawn was found outside the park after it had been deserted by its mother, and E. A. Zimmer, manager of the park restaurant, raised it on a bottle. The buck was donated through the Louisiana Department of Wildlife and Fisheries. The youngsters are some of the daily visitors.

RATON DANCE, LA.
LOUISIANA HUNTING SEASON
1948-1949

RESIDENT GAME BIRDS AND ANIMALS

BOB-WHITE (quail or partridge) : December 1-February 20, inclusive. Bag limit 15, season limit 120, possession limit 30.
WILD TURKEYS : Closed Season.
DEER (Bucks only) : November 15-January 10, inclusive. Provided that the season shall not exceed 45 days and Commissioner of Wild Life and Fisheries shall fix the season in each parish any time between these dates, not to exceed maximum of 45 days. Illegal to kill does or fawns at any time. Illegal to take fawn or deer with horns less than three inches long. Bag limit 1 daily, 2 a season. Night hunting with headlight or camp hunting for more than 3 days forbidden.
SQUIRRELS and CHIPMUNKS : October 1-December 14, inclusive. Bag limit 10, possession limit 10. (Squirrels and Chipmunks 80 in the aggregate per season.)
RABBITS : October 15-February 15, inclusive. Limit 5 per day. Sale prohibited. Night hunting with headlight forbidden.
BEARS : Closed Season.

TRAPPING SEASON : November 20 to January 20, inclusive, on all fur-bearing animals, except muskrats and nutria.
MUSKRAT and NUTRIA : December 1 to February 15, inclusive.

MIGRATORY GAME REGULATIONS

DUCKS : November 12 to December 11, inclusive. Daily bag limits on ducks (except American and red-breasted mergansers) are 4 in the aggregate of all kinds, including in such limit not more than 1 wood duck. Any person at any time may possess not more than 8 ducks in the aggregate of all kinds (not including American and red-breasted mergansers), but not more than 1 wood duck. American and red-breasted mergansers, 25 singly or in the aggregate. No possession limit on American and red-breasted mergansers. **WARNING: NOT MORE THAN ONE DAY'S BAG LIMIT MAY BE POSSESSED OPENING DAY.**
COOTS (Poule-d'Eau) : November 12 to December 11, inclusive. Bag limit 15, possession limit 15.
GEESE : November 12 to December 11, inclusive. Daily bag and possession limit 4, including in such limit either 2 Canada geese (including Hutchinsons or Cackling geese) or 2 White-fronted (locally called Speckled-belly) geese, or 1 of each.
DOVES : September 16 to October 5 — December 24 to January 12. Bag limit 10, possession limit 10.
SNIPE : Closed Season.
RAILS and GALLINULES : September 1 to October 30, inclusive. Bag limit 15, possession limit 15.
WOODCOCK : December 23 to January 21, inclusive. Bag limit 4, possession limit 8.
SHOOTING HOURS FOR DUCKS, GEESE, COOTS, RAILS AND GALLINULES:—ONE-HALF HOUR BEFORE SUNRISE TO ONE HOUR BEFORE SUNSET. NOTE: ON OPENING DAY OF SEASON SHOOTING CANNOT START BEFORE 12:00 NOON.
SHOOTING HOURS FOR WOODCOCK:—ONE-HALF HOUR BEFORE SUNRISE TO SUNSET.
SHOOTING HOURS FOR DOVES:—12:00 NOON UNTIL SUNSET.

Use of bait and live decoys prohibited. Legal limit of migratory game birds may be possessed 90 days after the close of the season. Hunters of ducks and geese must have a federal duck stamp attached to their state hunting license or old age permit. Duck stamps can be obtained from U. S. Post-office for \$1.00. Use of rifles or guns larger than a 10-gauge, or guns capable of holding more than 3 shells prohibited. The plug used in guns must be incapable of being removed without disassembling gun. Legal possession limits of resident game birds or game animals may be possessed up to within 30 days of the opening of the following season.

HUNTING LICENSE, RESIDENT.....	\$ 1.00
Required of all hunters, except persons over 60 years of age who must have old age permit.	
NON-RESIDENT HUNTING LICENSE.....	\$ 25.00
TRAPPING LICENSE.....	\$ 2.00
(Only residents permitted to trap.)	
FUR BUYER, resident license.....	\$ 25.00
FUR BUYER, non-resident.....	\$100.00
FUR DEALER, resident (Deposit \$500.00 required).....	\$150.00
NON-RESIDENT DEALER (Deposit \$1,000.00 required).....	\$300.00

DEPARTMENT OF WILD LIFE AND FISHERIES

ERNEST S. CLEMENTS, Commissioner

Report all Violations to your Nearest Wild Life Enforcement Agent

